THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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ORIGINAL LETTER.

Mr. Easy,

THE following interesting letter was written by an American lady during the troublous times of revolution; it was addressed to a British officer with whom she had been well acquainted, and exhibits the heroism which then distinguished every class of our citizens. While we express our gratitude to the hero, who bravely fought our battles, and admire the wisdom and firmness of the statesman, who directed our affairs in the cabinet, let us not forget our fair countrywomen, whose zeal, patriotism and public spirit, may have often excited both the hero and the statesman to deeds which render them dear to our country. E.

Sir,

We received a letter from you, wherein you let Mrs. S—— know, that after the battle of Lexington, you had written particularly to me, knowing my martial spirit, and that I would delight in the exploits of heroes. Surely, my friend, you must mean the New-England heroes, as they alone performed exploits worthy to be noticed, while the regulars [the British troops] vastly superior in numbers, were obliged to retreat with a rapidity unequalled, except by the French at the battle of Minden. Indeed, Gen. Gage gives them their due credit in his letter home, in saying, that lord Percy was remarkable for his *activity*. You will not, I hope, take offence for any expression, which, in the warmth of my heart should escape me, when I assure you, that though we consider you as a public enemy, we regard you as a private friend; and while we detest the cause you are fighting for, we sincerely wish well to your own personal interest and safety—thus far by way of apology. As to the martial spirit, you suppose me to possess, you are greatly mistaken—I tremble at the thoughts of war—but of all wars a *civil* one! Our all is at stake, and we are called upon, by every tie that is dear and sacred, to exert that spirit, Heaven has given us, in this righteous struggle for liberty.

I will tell you what I have done; my only brother I have sent to camp with my prayers and blessings—I hope he will not disgrace me. I am confident he will behave with honour, and emulate the great examples before him—had I twenty sons and brothers, they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expence in my table and family—tea I have not drank since last Christmas—nor purchased either cap or gown. Since your defeat at Lexington, I have learned to knit, which I had not done before, and I am now making stockings of American wool for my servants. In this way, I am desirous of contributing my mite to the public good. I know this, that as free, I can die but once; but as a slave I should be unworthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have now nothing to do with balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea-drinking and finery—the spirit of patriotism, alone actuates all ranks and degrees of people throughout this extensive continent. If these are the sentiments of females, what must glow in the breasts of our husbands, our brothers and our sons! We are with one heart determined—it is not a quibble in politics (a science which few understand) which we contend for—it is a plain truth—obvious to the most ignorant peasant, clear to the weakest capacity. Has any man a right to take your money without your consent? None but highwaymen and robbers attempt it. Can you, my friend, reconcile it to your own good sense, that a body of men in Great-Bri-

tain, who have little intercourse with America, and of course know little of us, nor feel nor see the misery they would inflict upon us, could rightfully invest themselves with power to command our lives and properties, at all times and in all cases whatever. You say you are no politician; ah! sir, it requires no Machivilean head to develope this and discover it to be tyranny and oppression: it is written on a sunbeam: every one will see, and know it, because it will make them feel, and we shall be unworthy of the blessings of Heaven, if we submit to it.

All ranks of men amongst us are in arms, and nothing is heard in our streets, but the trumpet and the drum.—The universal cry is—"AMERICANS TO ARMS!" All your friends are officers; there are Capt. S——, Lieut. B——— and Capt. I—— S——. We have five regiments in the city and county of Philadelphia, complete in arms and uniform, and very expert in their military manouvres. We have companies of light horse, light infantry, grenadiers, riflemen and several companies of artillery, and some excellent brass cannon and field pieces. Add to this, that every county in Pennsylvania and the Delaware government can send two thousand men to the field. Heaven seems to smile upon us, for in the memory of man never were known such quantities of flax, and sheep without number. We are making powder fast, and do not want for ammunition; in short, we want for nothing, but ships of war to defend us, which we could procure by making alliances; but such is our attachment to Great-Britain, that we sincerely wish for a reconciliation and cannot bear the thought of throwing off all dependence on her, which such a step would assuredly lead to. The God of mercy will, I hope, open the eyes of our king that he may see, that while he is seeking our destruction, he will go near to complete his own. It is my ardent prayer that the effusion of blood may be stopped. We hope yet to see you in this city, a friend to the liberties of America; which will give infinite satisfaction to your sincere friend,

C—— S——.

To Captain ——— in Boston.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. III.

Mr. Easy,

I was lately led by curiosity to visit M. St. Memin, where to my infinite delight I enjoyed the rare pleasure of viewing and attentively examining a number of portraits and engravings, which for their precision of drawing, and acknowledged justness of similitude, I venture to affirm no artist of ordinary genius can out-rival. My attention was particularly taken up, I might add almost exclusively directed to three profiles which imperceptibly drew me towards them immediately upon my entering the room.—It may be remarked, that amongst a thousand profiles delineated by an ingenious artist, with sure mechanical aid, these three would first excite the attention of the Physiognomist—and upon these three, in the spirit of Physiognomonical sensation and curiosity, I shall venture to pronounce an opinion, in which I feel satisfied few will differ from me.

I.

It is impossible not to perceive that this is an extraordinary man. It is extraordinary too that the *chin* is the most remarkable feature, pregnant, firm and steady. In one hundred thousand heads would not be seen such a striking line of the bone above the eye, agreeing so well with the eye-brow, and the chin. What a magazine of notions, plans, and machinations, is seen in the back part of the head! How powerful is the full bushy hair! View the firm turned up nose, with its open nostrils, and the lips so strongly closed. Contemplate the lowering brow, with the fixed steady orb beneath it. Every thing denotes power and determination.

But what kind of determination? It is that power which is employed in confounding, or destroying, not foreign foes, but domestick political opponents, not by open force, but by secret artifice and finesse. How strange it is to discern amongst these strong features, and that saturnine countenance, the marks of a visionary mind.

When I speak of firmness I mean not heroism, or military virtue. This head is precisely the head of a man who will act the despot, when he safely can, who will not murder the body, but destroy a man's fortune; who will veil his sentiments, when he has not power to strike with effect; but whose constant efforts are to obtain that power, and who (to use a vulgar phrase) will not display his teeth until he is sure of biting.

II.

Sound sense and goodness are displayed throughout the whole head. Penetration and courage are shown by the eye, the brow and the nose. Good temper in the mouth and somewhat of voluptuousness in the chin. What gentle power is denoted by the hair! Who can fail to love this easy meditating physiognomy. If it does not plainly exhibit heroism it is because so little of the devil is seen: unquestionably he is to be applauded and loved in private life.

III.

How smooth and easy is every line. What undulation, congeniality, and proportion! The forehead gently receating, arched, and lofty. The descent from it to the nose long, straight and noble. The eye-brow arched, compressed and delicate. The nose barely aquiline and well defined. The lips firmly, but easily closed. The chin neither projecting nor retreating, but finely interrupted and waving. The eye well formed, exactly placed, and piercing as a sun beam. The hair full and disposed in curling masses. There is in short not a single trait to be condemned. Genius, taste, modest self-confidence, and philanthropy are throughout evident to the Physiognomist. And yet it will not be approved by all because the eye seems as if it would penetrate the inmost recess of a mean soul.

But is this head equal to either of the others? Thousands may say "*no!*" It is not the head of a hero, statesman, or man of enterprize. Piercing as is the eye it would not undisturbed view the slaughter of columns in the bloody field; nor does it denote that shrewdness and finesse, which are requisite in a statesman, or that species of sagacity which profits from the weakness of others. But may it not be asked whether his mind is not superior to all this. Is not this a head, which all must respect; which none but the base can fear; in whom the miserable will put their trust, and in whom the discerning will confide in either peace or war.

Though this head has none of those prominent, large features which are held requisite to denote the man of greatness, there are in each feature strong marks of talent and taste of a peculiar kind. What harmony and proportion! What smoothness and delicacy! But do we perceive in this profile as in number I. the man who can controul the minds of his fellow-citizens; who forms and executes projects for his own aggrandizement, and can withstand an host of political foes? Do we see, as in number II. the man, who can govern armies, and lead them to conquest? The answer is obvious. It is made by another question. Is there any thing which denotes the want of power to do these things? No! certainly the reverse.

Upon the whole I consider this face, as Lavater says of C. Alex. Scaglia, as the master-piece of congeniality; replete with calm activity, tranquil energy; breathing the spirit of a better world. Seldom are tranquility and power thus intimately combined. The thoughtful brow, the penetrating eye, the spirit-breathing lips, the deep intelligence of the assembled features; how they all conspiring speak the picture of the fair immeasureable mind within.—Oh God! how I adore that face. ZOPHYRUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. V.

———— *navibus atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere ————. HORACE.
————*abroad we roam*
In quest of happiness.

A few days ago I was employed, in conformity to my character, in considering the different occupations of mankind and the sole object of their pursuit. Having retired at night to rest, I was involuntarily led to the same subject which had occupied part of my time during the day. When I reflected on the various incentives and actions of man, I found that they all tended to one great end—that Happiness was the goal to which he bent his course. As a natural consequence, it appeared to me that *self-love* was the predominant motive of all his operations, the great spring which superintended and directed all his movements. I was the more confirmed in this belief from having observed that in proportion as the interest of one man depends upon the exertions and friendship of another, precisely in that proportion is his conduct and behaviour regulated. As this opinion was in some measure derogatory to the character of man, I laboured to produce arguments against it, but in the attempt became entangled in the labyrinths of research and lost in the mazes of propugnation. My imagination which had soared into the regions of mind and was endeavouring to scrutinize the principles which guided human action, became suddenly bewildered by the multiplicity of objects which attracted its attention. My ideas, scattered over an immense field of disquisition and enquiry, became confounded—and satiated with the labour of investigation I sunk into the sweets of repose. The subject was so deeply impressed on my mind, that it returned during my sleep, and I was in some degree edified, though not perfectly satisfied, by the following vision.

I was in the middle of a beautiful and extensive field, enjoying myself in contemplating the beauties of nature. At a distance from me I discovered a numerous croud of people of every age, who appeared to be all intent upon the enjoyment of some favourite object. I hastened to go where they were in order to know what was the cause of their assemblage. As soon as I joined the croud, an old man, seeing perhaps my curiosity, offered to conduct me to a place where I could see to the best advantage. Immediately before the crond was a wide gate, on the left side of which AMBITION dwelt. Like the attractive

power of the load-stone, which is not confined to its surface, but extends beyond the space which it occupies, the influence of Ambition in some degree affected the whole body of the travellers. But mark the different effects which it produced. In some it created a desire to excel, in others a propensity to vice. That potion which when taken with moderation will prove a salutary cordial—will reanimate the declining spirits and invigorate the dormant powers of the body, by affording a gentle stimulus to the animal essences; when prostituted by the licentious and voluptuous, will be productive of the worst consequences, and in some cases prove a deadly poison. Just so it was with the unhappy followers of Ambition. Many were allured by her flattering promises to pass through; but there were some who preferred a small by-path that led from the right hand of the gate to the mansion of VIRTUE. She was a graceful, charming female who sat upon a splendid throne, surrounded by Justice, Temperance and others, who welcomed all that approached them. It would be impossible for me to express the sensations which they experienced: they were sensations which *the virtuous only* can enjoy, and which the *virtuous only* can conceive. As soon as they left the habitation of Virtue, they passed through a walk which led them to the dominions of HAPPINESS. She was seated upon a high and craggy mountain, inaccessible on every side except on that nearest to the confines of Virtue. On her right hand was PLENTY, who bestowed her blessings with a liberal hand on all who had the good fortune to reach the summit of the mountain. Those who proceeded through the gate of Ambition were conducted by a wide road to the habitation of VICE. Her figure was deformed, her looks ghastly and on her countenance was depicted some secret crime which preyed upon her spirits. Those who beheld her started back *at first* with horror, but soon became familiarized with her appearance. They seldom came to her dwelling without having their morals undermined, and the small sparks of virtue which remained, were quickly extinguished by her endeavours. From her dominions they continued their journey towards Happiness, by a path which led to the bottom of the mountain whose summit they wished to attain. But alas! How fruitless were their attempts. Some ascended a little way, but quickly fell; others were discouraged by the misfortunes of their companions and the cragginess of the mountain; none ever found it possible to attain their wishes. From the foot of this hill there was a road which led to an arbour prepared by a companion of Vice. To this the unhappy creatures betook themselves and endeavoured to console one another: here they remained but a short time, when they were interrupted by the appearance of a form as loathsome and disagreeable as Vice herself. 'Twas MISERY—under her steps every thing faded away and assumed the appearance of desolation. At sight of her they all endeavoured to escape, but it was impossible; she seized them and carried them away to her dreary mansion.

My companion having thus assisted me, said "Go, young man to your proper destiny, and whatever be your occupation, this lesson will forever be of service to you. Remember it and let it be your guide in future; be assured that however prosperous the vicious may appear, however virtue may be depressed by the powerful or ambitious, yet no mortal can enjoy true happiness except by pursuing the paths of rectitude." M.

TO CENSOR.

Dear Sir,

When a man assumes the pre-eminent station of *Censor-general*, he ought before he blames others to be particularly careful to divest himself (as far as human nature is capable) of any striking errors on his own part; so that whatever good object (and I assure you I do not think otherwise of Censor's intentions) the writer may have in view, *facts* may prove, and physical reasons satisfy—and not to end in mere hypothesis. The man of general philanthropy exults in the idea and rises at once to that height of perfectness to which the world will finally arrive, when he calls every man his brother, and entirely divests himself of *prejudice*. That you have done so, Mr. Censor, I cannot reasonably think, when you ascribe our vices to "foreigners." Our own luxurient soil, when not properly cultivated and divested of its weeds, gives us sufficient proof that we possess indigenous *nettles*, or natural bad qualities enough without ascribing them to foreigners or exotic causes. Too true it is, that the *lowest* vices have been imported in overflowing abundance, the refuse of some countries have too easily enjoyed the overflowing kindness of our country, and at once been made *bon republicans*; they truly have been cherished by the "generosity of our laws." But have our legislators studied that simple but striking fable of "The Countryman and Snake;" they might have known better than so *readily* to have granted citizenship to those *worthies*, were it literally the case that they had been "oppressed by the iron rod of power."

As to the *higher* or fashionable vices, truly, Mr. Censor, I know not how they can *very easily* be imported; nor do I think you can doubt of their sometimes originating with

ourselves; for those routs, or *riots*, have been conducted in such a variety of ways, that it requires genius and originality of thought to find out the necessary etiquette and manner that one *fashionable* neighbour intends to vary, and surprize the other. No, Sir, human nature is the same in all countries, and to have the *means* is too often productive of the *abuse* of the good things and opportunities we ought rather to cherish and profit by. The fact is we have began to grow rich and vicious, and if we have not sufficient virtue left to make a good use of the blessings which Providence has placed in our power, but will apply them to wrong purposes, and do not look to the examples of former republicks; like them we may desire (when too late) the state of prosperity we once enjoyed—never to be recalled. I have been in different parts of Europe, and am convinced that in proportion to our means we out do them in extravagance. With respect to "gaming," you may not be at a loss to determine its origin; for truly, Mr. Censor, *this* position is ridiculous. I cannot think but that your casuistical scruples on this head might very easily be satisfied. I must then inform you that our city *swarms with young gamblers*, who perhaps never travelled twenty miles from Baltimore to learn or find out the "origin" of so *fashionable* a vice. That you may not doubt my assertion, there is at this moment a proscribed list of those honourable gentlemen, which to their confusion and the benefit of society, may yet be made public.

Here, Mr. Censor, rests the *principal* cause of our degeneracy. Here is the root from which the branches both of the greater and minor vices and evils proceed, and if not prevented in good time and held up to public detestation must end in general depravity. That *our ladies* have not *yet* arrived to that degree of perfection in iniquity in which you represent those of Philadelphia and New-York we ought to be thankful; but if they continue to *improve*, as they have this season progressed, who can tell where it will end. Merciful Father! are we *already* so depraved that cards and dissipation are more an object of our worship than thy attributes! and that we willingly sacrifice health and time to those baubles, and that instead of going to church to seek forgiveness for our offences, we stay at home and read novels! How pleasing would it be to see our ladies generally imitate the conduct of the good and accomplished CAMILLA, who, being a *living character*, I with the more pleasure

> Relate those virtues which the good will prize,
> Her bright example set before our eyes.

This amiable young lady appears most pleasing to all, by her *uniform, quiet, and easy disposition*. She spends not her leisure hours in cards and dissipation, but at those times set apart for sociability or relaxation (if not in the bosom of domestic happiness) is enjoying the select company of a few *real friends*, or playing on the Piano, on which she so much excels, accompanied with her charming voice,—which to the enchanted hearers resemble the heavenly choirs. On Sundays she goes to church, and whilst there pays such attention, that she not only *learns* her duty, but what is the proof of perfection here *practises* it; so that "the same road that leads her to wisdom, will finally land her in heaven." Farewell, dear Censor, and believe me to be sincerely, your friend, and

March 7, 1806. A TRUE AMERICAN.

Mr. Easy,

Enclosed I send you a manuscript production on the life and character of the celebrated MIRABEAU. It is the composition of a yonng man of the brightest talents, who wrote solely with a view of improvement. He never intended it to appear before the public; but as it has come into my hands I cannot restrain myself from sending it for your perusal, and that of your readers. You may perhaps esteem some of the sentiments heterodox; but, for this, I am confident that the energy and beauty of the style will make full compensation. *In this instance* I cannot take a more appropriate signature than the Friend of Merit in OBSCURITY.

When nations are engaged in dangerous wars or disturbed by intestine commotions, it is then that great men flourish. The gloomy aspect of affairs and the impending storm which appal the affrighted multitude, are but incentives to call them into action, and afford stronger displays of their astonishing powers. The French revolution, it has been said, is an exception to this, since during its continuance none deserving the name of great have appeared. This remark has proceeded from the spirit of party, or from personal malice. Even its commencement presents us with one whose great genius and extraordinary abilities, whose strenuous exertions and persevering ardour against the power of oppressors have scarcely been equalled. The actions and political tenets, but chiefly the character of MIRABEAU, have been drawn in colours the most unfavourable and disgusting. He has been represented as a furious demagogue, whose libertine sentiments and unprincipled motives inflamed the minds of the people and instilled into them that revolutionary fury which aimed at the virtuous and the vicious, the cottage and the palace, and dyed the streets of Paris

with the blood of her slaughtered citizens. But men are ever prone to decry those qualities in others which they themselves are deprived of. The high station to which his abilities and his efforts had enabled him to rise was viewed with envy by most of the nation. In forming an opinion of Mirabeau, the traits of his character cannot be illustrated by comparing him to any foreign politician or orator. Born and educated in a despotic government, living in a licentious and degenerate court, can it be expected that we should find in him the quiet citizen or the uncorrupted courtier. France at that time was torn by intestine broils, her national consequence was sunk in foreign countries, and she was then on the eve of that revolution which has shaken the support of tyrants and caused the kings of Europe to tremble on their thrones. The imprisonment and indignities that Mirabeau suffered softened his heart with compassion for the oppressed and fired his soul with the love of liberty. His active genius could not rest while scenes of such importance were agitating his country. He formed one of the national assembly, and his address and abilities soon enabled him to hold the first station in it. He did not yield himself up a leader to the blind fury of the populace. His design was not to overthrow the monarchical government which had lasted so many ages, and in its stead to introduce that levelling democratical system which he knew would not agree with the French character, and could not be unattended with wars. France had for centuries been despotically governed, and Louis XVI. was the mildest and most just prince that ever sat on her throne; yet while such power remained in the hands of a single person their liberties could not be secure. To reduce the prerogative of the crown, to invest the convention with a consistent portion of power, to restore to the people their lost rights and to render France a free government, was the wish of the patriotic Mirabeau. He was every way fitted to produce this reformation of the constitution. His mind was vigorous and penetrating, and he possessed all the arts requisite to gain the esteem and confidence of a turbulent assembly. His person was disagreeable, his mien harsh and forbidding; but he never failed to attract the attention and win the favour of his audience by the transcendant powers of his eloquence. France was at an early age deprived of the benefit of his labours. Had he lived some years longer, we should not have seen a sovereign of France driven from his capital and then ignominiously beheaded; thousands of his loyal subjects murdered unarmed, and the whole terminating in a tyrannical and oppressive, though nominally republican government.—But rather we would have beheld a limited monarchy, and the French nation happy in the enjoyment of moderate liberty.

Upon the whole, though we may justly suspect the integrity, and censure the dissipated life, yet we cannot chuse but admire the political address and firm intrepidity, the love of liberty and almost unparalleled eloquence of Mirabeau. *May* 1803.

FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the extraordinary characters with which England abounds, that of the Quack Doctor is the most strange, outré, whimsical, and ridiculous. This has caused some of our most famous story-tellers to be saluted with the title of Doctor, whenever they enter a room full of company by whom they are known. They derive this distinction from telling a story of the above medical personage. They are commonly received by their acquaintances with "Ah Doctor!—How do you do, Doctor? Now, now, we shall have the Quack Doctor in style. His story being thus preluded, he rises up and begins:———

"Gentlemen,

"I beg leave to inform you, that I am the very celebrated *Doctor Puff Stuff Sham* QUIRK'EM TO AUGFU Physician to the sole Governor of the Earth, the most magnanimous and puissant *Chou Khan, Emperor of China*; I am *Professor of Magic, Physic, Surgery,* and *Anatomy,* in the university of Pekin; *Oculist* and *Dentifricator* to all the *Monarchs* of the *East*; *Manmidwife* to the *Empress Pinka Panka,* and Member of every Medical Society throughout the vast Empires of China, Persia, Turkey, and Indostan.

"I have enjoyed these high honours in my native country, and was chief favourite and counsellor to the Emperor. But being converted to Christianity by Lord Macartney in his late embassy, I was obliged to escape in an open boat, in which, after a long and perilous voyage, I arrived at Capa Bona de Esperanza, the Cape of Good Hope, from whence I took shipping for England.

"This may be considered, Gentlemen, as the most fortunate event that ever happened to Europe; for you must know, that I have brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-before-discovered secrets.

"First. My most surprising Balsam, called *Pamandelang Ratskiammum* from *Whamgwaghgang,* situated thirty degrees South of the South Pole. This wond

ful of all wonderful balsams, if only rubbed for five minutes on the gums, will cause a new set of teeth to sprout up, like mushrooms in a hot-bed, to the amazement of all beholders.

"I have also invented a machine, which will extract the whole entire old sett of teeth in the tenth part of a moment, without the patient feeling the operation, or knowing his loss.

"Secondly. I perform the most astonishing operations upon the eye; and I have a certificate under the hand and seal of his Siamese Majesty, who, having lost his sight by cataracts in each eye, sent an embassy to China for the Emperor, to permit my visiting him at Siam. On my arrival, I, with most unparalleled skill, extracted both of his Majesty's eyes, and then, anointing the empty sockets with a particular glutinous application, I dexterously inserted a pair of eyes taken out of the head of a living lion. I thus not only restored his Majesty's vision, but bestowed on him such a ferocious countenance, as makes him most terrible to all his enemies.

"I beg leave to observe, that my patients may have the choice of the eyes of different animals, so as to best suit their faces and professions.

"The soldier may be furnished with the eyes of a *lion*, a *tyger*, or *panther*; the lover with those of a *spaniel* or *goat*; and such persons as are obliged to work at night, I can furnish with *cat's eyes*, which will enable them to see in the dark as well as by day-light. I also give a considerable price for sound human eyes, which I extract without the blow of a pugilist, or any other pain to the seller.

"Thirdly. I have an illustrious ointment, called *Syang, Yang, Ching, Quey, Ischenumencow*, prepared from the quintessence of a humming-bird's marrow: this superlative medicine was discovered by Li Laokum, who lived five thousand years before the Mosaic creation, and from whom I am in a right line, decended. This ointment, applied to the stump of a leg or an arm, will cause immediately a regeneration of the parts which have been destroyed. Thus shall the patient have, in five days, as perfect a foot or hand, as he had before the amputation.

"Fourthly. I have a restorative root, which contributed so largely to the population of the Chinese Empire, that, by its constant use, the Empress Pinka Panka, though eighty years old, continued to bring forth children when I left China. I attended her in her last labour, when she was delivered of seven living children, and each was as large as any European, when new born; and all this was effected without her Sublime Highness having a single pain. The method of use is peculiar to myself.

"I have brought over the method of bandaging, by which the Chinese Ladies confine their feet to that beautiful smallness, so as to be scarcely equal to the great nail of any Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, or Muscovian princess.

"It is unnecessary for me to descant any longer upon my own merit; all impartial people must be convinced of my being the most profound philosopher and physician, and the most exalted genius that the world ever produced."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

DEFENDER has *attacked*, he knows not who, instead of *defending* his own cause. But his letter was, from first to last, manufactured in the shop of absurdity; and the thing itself is a "monstrous compound" of impudence and inconsistency. If the last number of the "By-stander" was really "on the wrong side," then this angry "Defender" should shew wherefore: he should at least know, that to *abuse an opponent*, is not defending the position attacked. Were any "Defender" to set up a defence of the *Levee*, in a style worthy the "By-stander's" notice, our pages are open; for we do not conceive it necessary for us to "declare ourselves" at this time. *We know not the "By-stander;"* therefore cannot say whether Defender's allusions to *person* are correct; but we pronounce them quite impertinent. Speak to the question, and discard all irrelevant matter.

"An original Letter," written by an American officer previous to the attack on Quebeck, is received.

We are anxious to hear once more from LEANDER.—Has he converted "the little Credulity;" or are they yet in pursuit of *Fortune?* We expect from Leander a poetic account of this strange expedition.

The complaint against "intruders," shall be inserted.

Owing to the indisposition of one of our *Carriers*, the last Companion did not reach all our subscribers in the western district; those not served, can be supplied at the office.

THE FURY OF DISCORD——A WAR SONG.

By John Carr, esq. Author of the stranger in France.

In a chariot of fire through hell's flaming arch,
The Fury of Discord appear'd,
A myriad of dæmons attended her march,
And in Gallia her standard she rear'd.

Thy name so enchanting, sweet freedom ! she took,
But in vain did she try to assume
Thy smile of content, thy enlivening look,
And thy roseate, mountainous bloom.

For wan was her visage, and frenzied her eye ;
At her girdle a poignard she wore ;
Her bosom and limbs were expos'd to the sky,
And her robe was besprinkl'd with gore.

Nature shudder'd and sigh'd, as the wild rabble past ;
Each flow'r hung its beautiful head ;
The groves became dusky, and moan'd in the blast,
And Virtue and Innocence fled.

She rose from her car, 'midst the yell of her crew ;
Emblazon'd, a scroll she unfurl'd,
And on it the dreams of philosophists drew—
" Tis the charter," she cried, " of the world."

Plunder, keen-ey'd and lean, rang with plaudits the sky ;
Murder grinn'd as he whetted his steel ;
While Blasphemy swore the Redeemer on high
Was the creature of folly and zeal.

The scaffold grew red with the blood of the brave,
Kings turn'd pale on their thrones at her nod ;
While Loyalty flew to the gloom of the cave,
And Piety knelt to her God.

At length, after changing her chiefs at her will
As their mischievous zeal grew remiss,
She sought a new fav'rite with dexterous skill,
From Obscurity's darkest abyss.

The powers of her monstrous adoption to try,
'Midst Egypt, thy waterless waste !
She bade him the blast of thy desrrt outvie,
And defile all thy relics of taste.

The hero obey'd—with a merciful air,
He rung from thy natives a tear ;
But the justice and valour of Britain e'en there
Shook his legions recoiling with fear.

Well pleas'd, with his crimes, the Fury with flight,
To her empire safe wafted him o'er,
While the spectres of Jaffa, with ghastly delight,
The murd'rer pursued to the shore.

Arriv'd,—for his brow, lo ! a turban she made,
Bright with gems pluck'd from Gallia's crown ;
To give him a name, she Rome's hist'ry survey'd,
In the days of her early renown.

To embellish his guilt, or to soften its shade
The Arts mournful captives she kept ;
And the plund'rer and plunder of Europe display'd
To the wand'rer, who wonder'd and wept.

To support this apostate imperial shade,
This impious mockery of good,
She rais'd a banditti, to whom she convey'd
His spirit for plunder and blood.

The chiefs of the earth in a panic beheld
The flash of his sabre afar ;
They enter'd—but pensively mov'd from the field,
And bow'd to this Idol of war ;

Till fum'd with the incense of slavish applause,
O'er the globe's fairest portion he trod ;
And spurning its liberty, spirit, and laws,
Conceiv'd himself rais'd to a God.

But England disdain'd to the Tyrant to bend ;
Still erect undismay'd she was found,
Infuriate, he swore that his bolt should descend,
And her temples should fall to the ground.

Yes, here, if his banner, be destin'd to wave,
It shall float o'er her temples laid low ;
Over piles of her children, who, loyal and brave,
Such a victory never will know.

Oh ! banish the thought—for learn 'tis in vain,
Thus, thou maniac tyrant, to boast ;
As soon shall her base be remov'd by the main,
As her empire by thee and thy host.

The sound is gone forth—'tis recorded above :
To the mountain it spread from the vale ;
" Our God, and our King, and our Country we love,
And for them we will die or prevail."

Then hasten the day if thy threat be sincere,
Let the winds blow thy myriads along ;
Then soon may thy boasted Armada appear,
Soon our rocks catch the militant song.

Thy guardian foul deity ! hideous with crime,
Shall view as she moves to our shore,
The Genius of Britain, mild, brave and sublime,
And shall boast her atchievements no more.

Oh ! direful and strange will the contest appear,
Big with freedom to nations afar :
The good who confide, and the guilty who fear,
Shall join in the conflict of war.

In heaven, with smiles, shall the happy and blest
Lean over its bright beaming walls,
To guide and support to the regions of rest
The soul of the patriot who falls.

Britannia ! thy muse, on a rock high and steep,
The fate of the fight shall proclaim ;
The strings of her lyre Inspiration shall sweep,
Recording each hero by name.

The world to its centre shall shake with delight,
As thus she announces their fall ;
" They sink—our invaders submit to our might,
The ocean has buried them all."